

Good Morning

30

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

FEW, if any, of the congregation of a Bristol church knew, when they sang a new hymn of the war and sea recently, that it was written by the greatest tobacco magnate in this country.

The pamphlet, on which the hymn was printed, bore at the foot a tiny D. The author was Lord Dulverton, who, on the 28th of March, was 63.

The first verse reads:—

Almighty Father, in Whose patient hands,
The ocean rests, dividing distant lands,
Grant to all men who have to venture there
A knowledge of Thy love and ceaseless care.

Previously Sir Gilbert Willis he was a Major in the North Devon Hussars in the last war, and retired with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. Recently, when speaking at a National Savings meeting in Bristol, he said that since the war he had purchased only one new suit of clothes. Among other gifts, Lord Dulverton gave £75,000 for the complete restoration of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, ten years ago, and followed this gift with £50,000 for the Bi-centenary Fund of Guy's Hospital.

Captain stayed on Bridge

FEW captains have ever faced such a barrage and remained smiling and standing on the bridge. But Captain George Moore, even though his wife was on the bows of the sister ship which was alongside, in an equally vulnerable position, just would not come ashore to answer the barrage of questions a colleague and I fired at him.

We had spotted him approaching a lock on the Grand Union Canal, and we wanted to have a chat and get a couple of pictures. Captain Moore would not be moved, though, so we had to jump aboard and risk being thrown into the water or carried down to London. He told me his name, and he told me his wife's name was Maggie. He said, too, that he had been on the canal over forty years. Sometimes he carried coal, sometimes butter, or salt, and once he had a cargo of fur coats to take from London to Coventry.

It was difficult to see just what Captain Moore looked like; he was covered with coal, and he hadn't seen any water with which to wash for so long that his nostrils and eyes were only faintly discernible.

But he was a great chap was Captain Moore. Oh, yes! He gave us a cup of tea.

I would like to take a cruise on the "Sinfold," about three hundred years from now.

Now you Know

THE difference between a Jap and a Chinese," says an official booklet issued to the American troops, "is that the

Jap will be short, squat, with almost no waistline; his skin will be lemon-yellow, his whiskers fairly heavy, his eyes slanted toward his nose. He cannot pronounce our liquid L, and hisses on any S, so try him on Lalapalooza."

Two other tips are: "The average Chinese girl will be insulted if you touch her, or take you more seriously than you want to be taken. A mistake like this may cause a lot of trouble."

"Never slap a Chinese on the back—they don't like it a bit."



Forty years on this barge and he didn't want to come on land.

Cinema Pool

IF you live at St. Albans, Liverpool, Hatfield, Greenwich, or certain parts of Essex, your local cinema will probably have changed hands before next visit.

The Odeon combine has recently taken over seventeen more cinemas, bringing their total in this country to 270. Obvious advantage of this, from Odeon's point of view, is that one manager may possibly be able to control at least two cinemas, leaving in charge, in his absence, an untrained, half-time lieutenant.

"You may never get to the bottom of this—"



—but it's easy to get to the top of this!"

BUTTERFLIES ARE FLYING THE ATLANTIC

QUITE recently a ship going to Africa from a British port ran into a cloud of butterflies.

The butterflies perched in thousands, millions, on the rails, rigging, deckhouses of the ship. They remained there for some hours, and then departed.

The reason these butterflies settled on the ship was simple. They were on their way, at this season, from Africa to Britain. The reason they left the ship was simpler still. They found they were being carried back to where they came from. Hitch-hiking is all right if you are being carried to your destination.

Without Rest

Submarines haven't much chance of these experiences, but the fact is that crowds of butterflies are coming to Britain these days from South America and Africa, and most of them do the journey without a rest. During a recent summer a record number of them arrived in Cornwall and Devon.

It is, in fact, quite a common matter for certain kinds of butterflies to cross the Atlantic. The Monarchs, for instance, are very strong of wing. They have been known to travel in such numbers towards Canada that their millions obscure the sun. Often at night they roost on trees or barns. When they

settle they look like dead leaves, and few people can detect them as butterflies.

Why they come

Why do they come to Britain? They come for food. The Monarch and other species lay their eggs on the leaves of the milk-weed, but they cannot breed in this country because none of the different kinds of milk-weed (*Asclepias*) is indigenous to Britain. Scientists who have studied the habits of butterflies believe that the winds aid them in their long flights.

By
STUART MARTIN

Do birds gorge on the myriads of these frail insects? Some birds do, but there are species of butterflies that have an answer to the birds. The butterflies exude an odour that puts the birds off the scent, so to speak. So there is something of the skunk in butterflies after all.

4,000 mile trips

Usually they start off from home to reach Britain by the end of April or May. Some of them go right on to Scotland

for the summer. Some have even been known to go to Iceland, making their trip something like 4,000 miles.

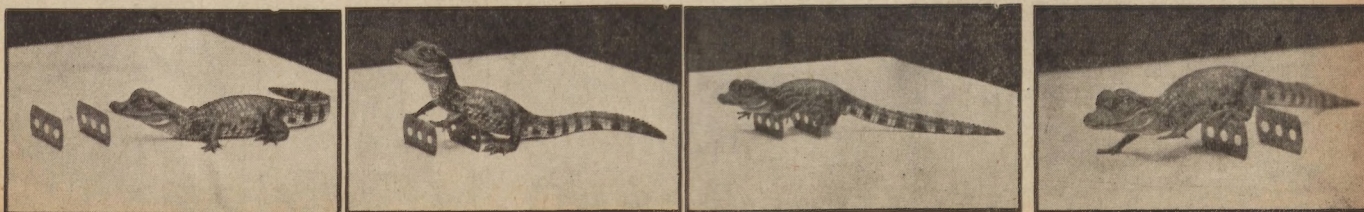
The delicate Painted Ladies (one means the species of butterflies) are amongst the longest travellers. They are born in Africa, and even as far distant as Asia Minor, but they make for Britain like the others.

It is curious that Monarchs were not known in the Hawaiian Islands until the milk-weed was planted there. Then the Monarchs crossed the Atlantic for the weed.

Summer invasion

The invasion of butterflies will continue now for a month or two, right on till June, in fact. Continental butterflies, such as the Clouded Yellows, come across the Channel from France and Italy. They land near Dover and along the South Coast in waves, and have been seen resting on the cliffs after the crossing, all huddled together.

It is not generally known that there was some time ago organised in England, a volunteer corps of amateur naturalists, who studied insect visitors from abroad. And it was an ex-Navy man, Captain Damreuter, who collected the information.



She's Lizzie the 'Lizard, at hurdling she's wizard—if she makes a slip—there's a slit in her gizzard

Periscope Page

WORD SQUARE

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

Fill this word square with four words that will make it read the same across and down, meaning:—

1. Climbing plant.
2. Frozen.
3. Necessity.
4. Small whirlpool.

QUIZ for today

1. Is Panama at the east or west end of the Panama Canal?
2. In what book does Uncle Toby appear?
3. Which is longer—the Suez or the Panama Canal?
4. What name is given to a flock of starlings?
5. Name two animals with black tongues.
6. A "bibliophile" is—a Bible-reader, library, book-worm, translator of the Bible, book-lover?
7. Who discovered the Cape of Good Hope?
8. Pick out the "intruder" in the following list: Ant, moth, beetle, spider, fly, locust.
9. What is a "butty"?
10. Who invented flex (stranded electric wire)?
11. What is the origin of the term "canter"?
12. Why is influenza so called?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. London.
2. "The Vicar of Wakefield."
3. George IV once played for the men of Berkshire.
4. Farrow.
5. J. P. Blanchard, in a balloon, 1785.
6. A stilt-walker.
7. The root of a heather called "bruyere."
8. Umber.
9. "A little learning . . ."
10. A waxy substance obtained from the sperm whale.
11. Sir Robert Walpole.
12. Crustacean.



CHESTNUT WOODMEN

A PICTURESQUE Sussex scene is that of the chestnut woodmen's headquarters at Frant.

Over a million chestnut palings a year are made by this tiny community.

The woodmen have their



Give it a name Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

Mysteries of the Weather—No. 4

When it Snows Blood

A SHOWER of blood-coloured snow fell in Switzerland in 1936, and yellow snow fell in Poland in 1932.

In 1928, a "rain of blood" terrorised the Chinese peasants in Mongolia, while 1929 saw black snow fall at Ruschuk. In 1880, red and blue hailstones fell in Russia.

Records go far back into history, the most ancient in England being the three days' rain of blood of 766 B.C. In the year 4 A.D., it rained blood in London for five hours.

There are some thirty corroborated records of coloured showers in Britain, a sample from Henry VIII's time running:

"The XXXVIII yere of Kyng Harry, in a lyttle tounne in Bedfordshire there fell a bloody rayne, whereof the red droppys appeared in shetes, the whiche a Woman had honged out for to drye."

The last notable shower consisted of the black snow which smothered Harrow in 1883, and a chemical examination showed the black substance to be volcanic dust.

That dust had travelled 8,000 miles in the upper atmosphere, and came from the

island volcano of Krakatca, which exploded with unparalleled violence earlier the same year.

In the same way, the seven days' "bloody rain" of 685 A.D. has been correlated with notable eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna, but volcanic dust is by no means the only agent involved in coloured rain and snow.

The yellow rain which fell at Hyderabad in February, 1936, was stained with desert dust, while some fine sand travelled from the Sahara to the Italian Alps and fell as red rain in 1934. In 1903, 10,000,000 tons of Sahara dust fell in England on February 21 and 22.

Russian yellow snow comes from the Caspian steppes, which were also responsible for dropping over a million tons of mud at Lemberg, in 1928.

The desert of Gobi supplies China and Japan, while the yellow rain which fell in the New England States in 1933 contained microscopic fossil plants (diatoms) from Arizona.

While every drop of rain requires a particle of some sort to condense upon, dust may be present in enormous quantities without causing rain. When this happens we get phenomenal sunsets. Black oxide of iron, six miles above the earth, produced the terrifying sunsets of 1883.

The magnificent evening skies watched by thousands of

JANE

NOW GEORGIE YOU MUSTN'T BE JEALOUS! IF I DO PLAY UP TO KING CONRAD IT WILL ONLY BE FOR PATRIOTIC REASONS...



HUH—A VICTORY VAMP, I SUPPOSE?

YES—AND YOU'LL HAVE TO DO YOUR BIT, MY BOY!—IF JANE IS UNSUCCESSFUL WITH THE KING YOU MUST TRY YOUR CHARMS ON QUEEN CLOTILDE!—



SHE'S A VERY PRETTY WOMAN—HRRM!—MUCH LIKE JANE, I'M TOLD!

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

"You won't take me in," said the obstinate Canadian.

"But it must be true," said Conseil, "or monsieur would not say so."

"And you who have such good eyes," I added—"you, Ned, can see the piers of Port Said stretching out into the sea."

The Canadian looked attentively. "Yes," said he, "you are right, professor, and your captain is a clever man. We are in the Mediterranean. Good. Well, now let us talk, if you please, about our own concerns, but so that no one can hear."

"What—" said Conseil, "last night—!"

"Yes, last night itself, in a few minutes, we cleared the insuperable isthmus."

"I don't believe it," said the Canadian.

"And you are wrong, Land," I resumed. "The low coast rounding off towards the south is the Egyptian coast."

I saw very well what the Canadian was coming to. In any case I thought it better to talk about it, as he desired, and we all three went and sat down near the lantern-house, where we were less exposed to be wet by the spray from the waves.

"Now, Ned, we are ready to hear you," said I. "What have you to tell us?"

"What I have to tell you is very simple," answered the Canadian. "We are in Europe, and before Captain Nemo's caprice drags us to the bottom of the Polar Seas, or takes us back to Oceania, I want to leave the Nautilus."

I must acknowledge that a discussion with the Canadian on the subject always embarrassed me.

I did not wish to trammel the liberty of my companions in any way, and yet I felt no desire to leave Captain Nemo. Thanks to him and his apparatus, I was each day completing my submarine studies, and I was writing my book on submarine depths again in the very midst of its element. Should I ever again meet with such an opportunity of observing the marvels of the ocean?

"Friend Ned," I said, "answer me frankly. Are you dull here? Do you regret the destiny that has thrown you into the hands of Captain Nemo?"

The Canadian remained for some moments without answering. Then crossing his arms—

"Frankly," he said, "I do not regret this voyage under the seas. I shall be glad to have made it; but to have made it, it must come to an end. That is my opinion."

CRYPTOGRAMS

Just to make this one tough, we've tossed in a couple of nulls and made it symmetrical in division.

DNMHO EASFS RMFED
KWTSD NSHAG FTEPP

You don't even need to say the word "baseball" before your thoughts dash to the U.S.A. The "ball game" is enough.

VS NOXCX FXCX ZR LEH
JXRJXX, NOXCX FRXKH
LX ZR MRRH KEFAXCP.
DOECKXP HVDBXZP.

"It will come to an end, Ned."

"Where and when?"

"I do not know where, and I can't say when, or rather I suppose it will end when these seas have nothing further to teach us. All that begins has necessarily an end in this world."

"Then what do you hope?" asked the Canadian.

"That circumstances will happen of which we can and ought to take advantage, as well in six months' time as now."

"Phew!" said Ned Land. "And where shall we be in six months, if you please, Mr. Naturalist?"

"Perhaps here, perhaps in China. You know that the Nautilus is a quick sailer. How

Continued on Page 3.

WANGLING WORDS—2

1.—The word Eschscholtzia contains six consonants in succession. Can you think of a common word containing five consonants in succession? And another common word containing a double-w?

2.—Which of the following words are mis-spelt?

Definite, Inimical, Occupation, Excessive, Marvelous.

3.—Can you change the word WEAK into the word WALK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way:—

COLD into CURE; BEAR into SENT; SOAP into PAIL.

4.—Read this aloud, and ask someone to write it down. Then count the mistakes:—

WRITE, we know, is written RIGHT

When we see it written WRITE;

But if we see it written WRIGHT,

We know it is not written RIGHT;

For WRITE, to have it written RIGHT,

Must not be written RIGHT or WRIGHT,

Nor yet should it be written RITE,

But WRITE, for thus 'tis written RIGHT.

Answers to Wangling Words—1

1.—INTENT, TENANT, NATIVE, LINTEL, MANTLE, LITTLE, NITTE, TATTLE, KITTEN, NETTLE, etc.

2.—Liniment, Desiccated, Accommodation, Siege.

3.—TANK, BANK, BALK, BAWK, BAWL, BOWL.

WARD, WARE, HARE, HAVE, HOVE, HOME.

POOR, PORE, PARE, RARE, RACE, RICE, RICH.

PAIN, WAIN, WAIL, WALL, WELL.

4.—Here are two dozen to go on with:—I, in, disc, rim, ate, tea, tin, sin, ran, rid, dice, dine, mid, nice, mice, rat, rice, race, rise, rain, main, mate, tame, same. You may double this number without difficulty.

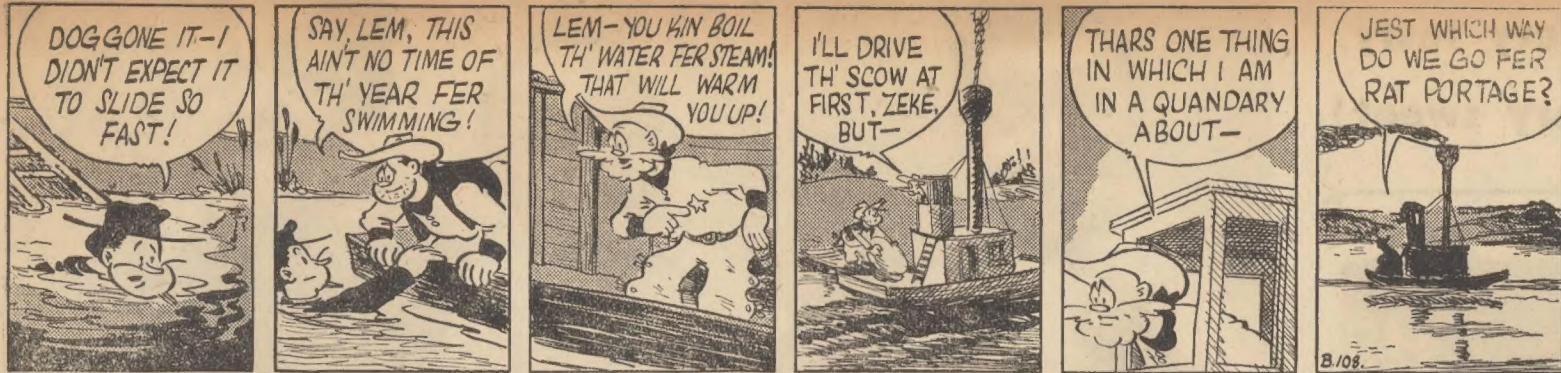
AH NOW YOU'RE TALKING, COLONEL!—THAT SOUNDS LIKE A JOB RIGHT UP MY STREET!



WELL, THAT'S A FINE THING TO COME FROM A MAN WHO WAS JUST ABOUT TO MARRY ME!!!



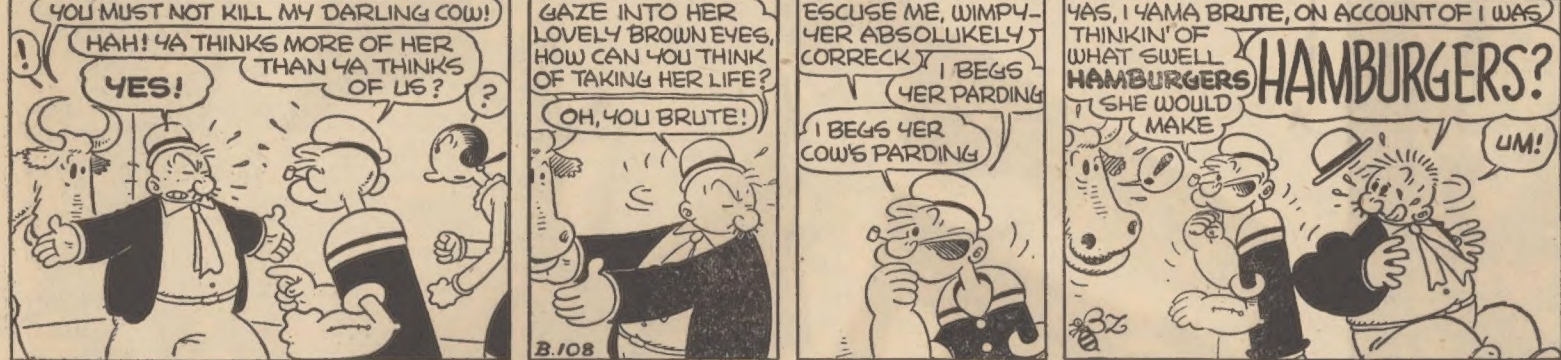
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

do we know that it will not rally round the coasts of France, England, or America, where we can attempt to escape as advantageously as here?"

"M. Aronnax," answered the Canadian, "your premises are bad. You speak in the future tense: 'We shall be there! we shall be here!' I speak in the present: 'We are here, and we must take advantage of it.'"

I was closely hemmed in by Ned Land's logic, and felt myself beaten on that ground. I no longer knew what arguments to use.

"And what do you think about it, friend Conseil?" asked Ned Land.

"I have nothing to say. I am absolutely disinterested in the question. Like my master and Ned, I am a bachelor. I am at monsieur's service. I think like monsieur, I say what monsieur says, and you must not depend upon me to make a majority. Two persons only are concerned; if monsieur on one side, Ned Land

on the other. That said, I listen, and am ready to count for either."

I could not help smiling at seeing Conseil annihilate his personality so completely. The Canadian must have been enchanted not to have him against him.

"Then, sir," said Ned Land, "as Conseil does not exist, we have only to speak to each other. I have spoken, you have heard me. What have you to answer?"

It was evident that I must sum up, and subterfuges were repugnant to me.

"Friend Ned," I said, "this is my answer. You are right and I am wrong. You must not depend upon Captain Nemo's goodwill. The commonest prudence forbids him to set us at liberty. On the other hand, prudence tells us that we must profit by the first opportunity of leaving the Nautilus."

"Very well, M. Aronnax, that is wisely spoken."

"Only," I said, "I have but one observation to make—the occasion must be serious. Our first attempt must succeed, for if it fail we shall not find another

opportunity of attempting it again, and Captain Nemo would not forgive us."

"That's true enough," answered the Canadian. "But your observation applies to every attempt at flight, whether it be made in two years' or two days' time. Therefore the question is still the same; if a favourable opportunity occurs, we must seize it."

This conversation, that was destined to have such grave consequences later on, ended thus. I ought now to say that facts seemed to confirm my previsions, to the Canadian's great despair. Did Captain Nemo distrust us in these frequented seas, or did he merely wish to keep out of sight of the numerous ships of all nations that plough the Mediterranean? I do not know, but he generally kept under water and a good distance from land. When the Nautilus rose to the surface nothing but the helmsman's cage emerged, and it went to great depths, for between the Grecian Archipelago and Asia Minor the sea is more than 2,000 yards deep.

(Continued in No. 31)

A Military Puzzle

The Rejected Gun

HERE is a little military puzzle that may not give you a moment's difficulty. It is such a simple question that a child can understand it, and no knowledge of artillery is required. Yet some of my readers may find themselves perplexed for quite five minutes. An inventor offered a new large gun to the committee appointed by our Government for the consideration of such things. He declared that when once loaded it would fire sixty shots at the rate of a shot a minute. The War Office put it to the test and found that it fired sixty shots an hour, but declined it, "as it did not fulfil the promised condition. "Absurd," said the inventor, "for you have shown that it clearly does all the work that we undertook it should do." "Nothing of the sort," said the experts. "It has failed." Now, can you explain the extraordinary mystery? Was the inventor or were the experts right?

(Answer in No. 31)

Animals knew centuries before Man the value of vitamins, as is shown in

ANIMALS ARE THEIR OWN DOCTORS

By ALAN BRADSHAW, Zoologist.

SOMEWHERE about twenty years ago, Dr. Deason, of a Government hospital in Madras, who was treating eye disease in natives, stumbled on a remarkable discovery. He went for a walk in a forest not far from the city, reflecting on the failure of his treatment of native eyes, when he saw some monkeys. They had no eye disease. He began to ask himself why; and that led to researches.

He let the monkeys feed themselves. He compared their food with that of the native Indians. The latter ate huge quantities of rice that had been grown in fields that had raised rice for generations. The monkeys, when given some of this rice, would not touch it. More researches. It was found the rice was deficient in essential vitamins. The fields were examined. It was found the ground was exhausted and contained no vitamins. The natives were given other food, and their eyes became all right.

It was in 1906 that Gowland Hopkins, the British scientist, first discovered the importance of vitamins. But the animal world had known it all along, and had acted on it. Instinct told them. More researches have shown that when the spring comes, cows, horses, sheep and other domestic creatures cease to be interested in the winter food with which we provide them, and go out to eat green stuff. Even if they can find only short grass, and not much of that, they will be as well on a small quantity as they would be on a heavy feed of stable stuff. The new green grass contains the valuable vitamin A.

If an animal is out of sorts, the first thing it reaches out for is a laxative. It finds this in certain herbs and grasses. Bears eat a special berry as soon as they wake up from their winter hibernation.

Deer do not need laxatives. They live on herbs all the time. But deer need other remedies. They get these by eating bark and the small branches of oak.

If an animal is feverish it lies down in the shade, near running water if possible. It remains quiet and does not eat. It proves the old human maxim on which doctors still work on human beings—"starve a fever."

When rheumatism comes into an animal's bones, it does exactly what doctors tell human rheumatics to do—keep warm. Human doctors did not know this until comparatively recently. They used to treat rheumatism with powders and bleeding. Now they know that heat hastens the elimination of the poisons through the pores.

Animals know that the best prevention of illnesses is cleanliness. Elephants give themselves shower baths. Deer bathe in lakes and rivers at all times. Cats (and we can include in this category tigers and lions) are constantly cleaning themselves. Birds have baths, and if they can't get water, will have a sand bath, or roll in mud.

The bluebottle fly, which we as humans detest, is one of the best "doctors" for animals in the wild. I have known wolves and other animals to be quite happy when a bluebottle settles on their wounds. The fly lays its eggs in the wound, and the maggots eat away all the festered flesh, without touching the healthy flesh. Then the animal cleans the wound finally.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Drink. 6 Money. 10 Tool for pricking.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12			13			14		
15					16			
		17					18	19
20	21				22		23	
24				25				
	26	27			28		29	
30				31				
32							33	
34				35				

CLUES DOWN.

1 Size of photo. 2 Boy's name. 3 Projecting flat rim. 4 Vigour. 5 Spike of corn. 6 Full of colour. 7 Minute portion. 8 Constructs. 9 Animal food. 13 Re-pay. 19 Infectious ailment. 21 Ganglion. 22 Stately mansion. 23 Souvenirs. 27 Spoken. 29 Tight. 30 Garden plot. 31 Bone.

- 11 Inflammable oil.
- 12 Messenger.
- 14 Wander.
- 15 Interior.
- 16 Splendour.
- 17 Light carriages.
- 18 Printing measure.
- 20 Opponent.
- 22 Analyse grammatically.
- 24 Towards.
- 25 Fruit.
- 26 Stern.
- 28 Sings rhythmically.
- 30 Whetstone.
- 31 Of a nation.
- 32 Springy.
- 33 Hint.
- 34 Strike out.
- 35 Animals.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

LAP PULLS W
ORIGIN INCH
ACE RISSOLE
THREAT TROT
H SAT DEEDS
S SEVEN S
BAITS FED S
RUDE DIRECT
ETERNAL BOO
VEAL REGIME
E LYRES TAP

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Very tasty,
very sweet!



The All Blacks are at it again — two up, and one to play !



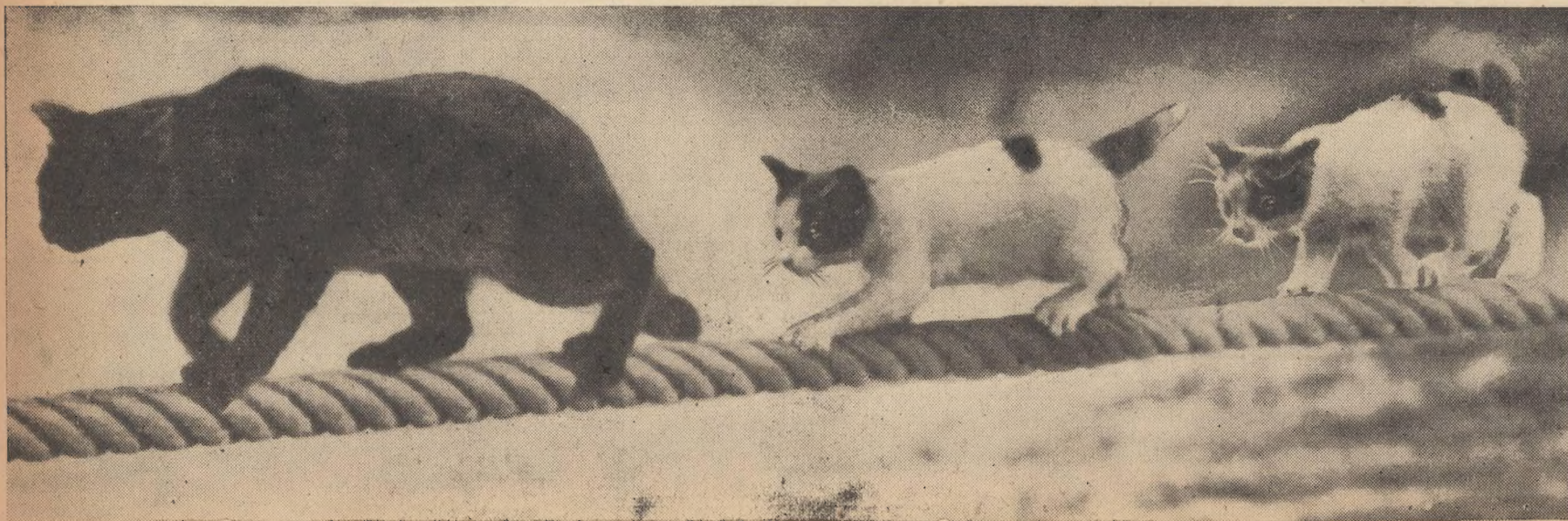
This England

An ancient doorway frames this picture of cobbled courtyard and flower-boxes at the Penrose Alms Houses, Barnstaple, where the Reader of the Church waters the new blossoms.

WITCH ON THE WIRE



What would you say—Lookout ! if you found this on your jumping wire at dawn? Either that somebody wasn't checking when you took the stores aboard—or the Comforts department were dropping supplies by parachute? We can just hear you saying, "Look here, Sister, you can't hang around here like this—Lofty wants the line to put out his 'smalls.'"



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"S'long, Monica. Look after the souvenirs till my next leave !"

